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The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review



EASTER

1905

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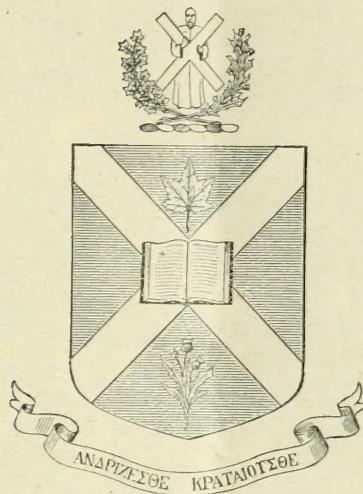
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TORONTO

The St. Andrew's College Review



EASTER, 1905

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Editor-in-Chief: - - H. G. WALLACE, B.A.

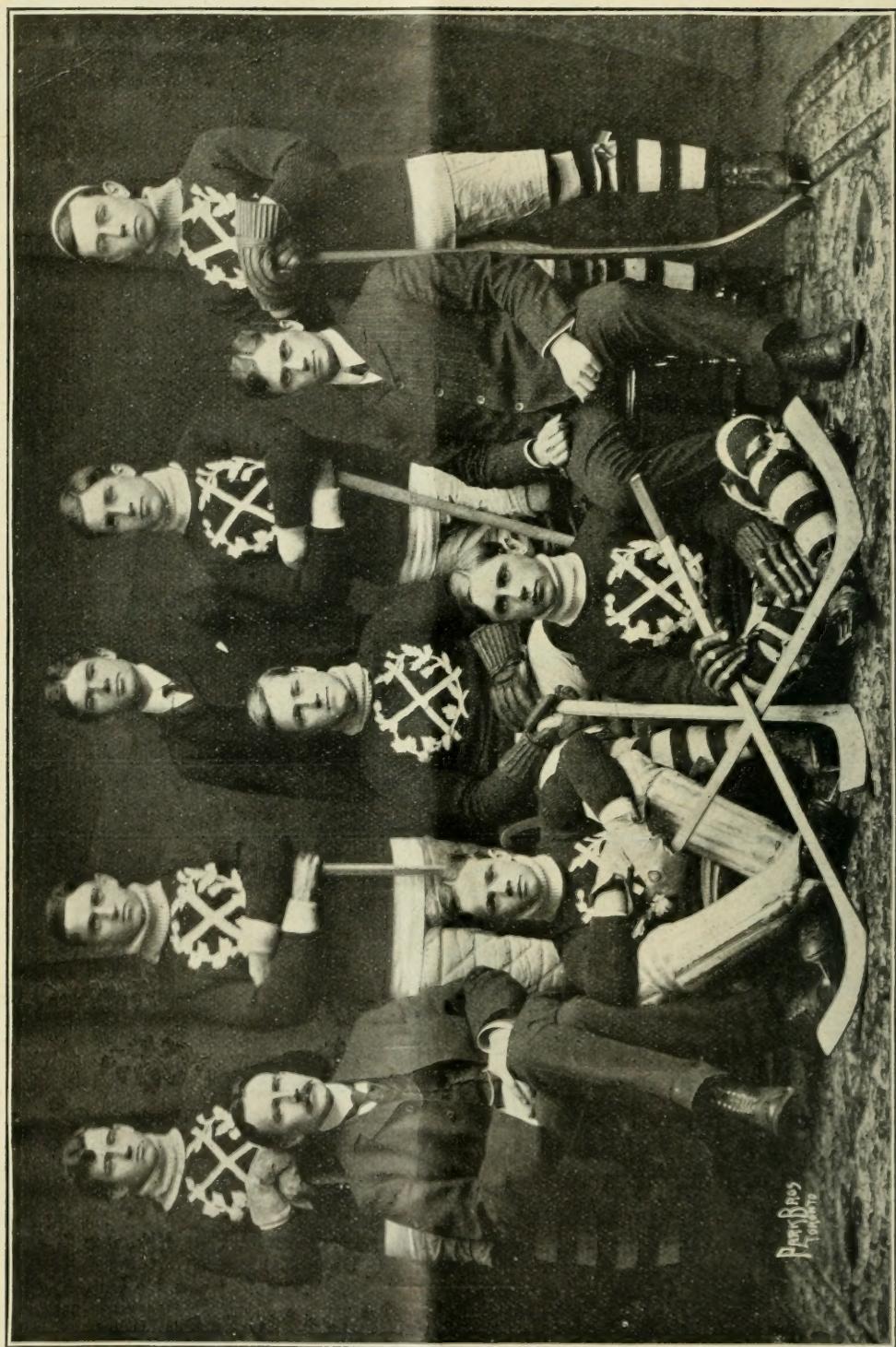
Editors:—McPHEDRAN
MOFFATT
COTTON I
MASSEY
WINANS

Illustrations:—McKAY I

Manager:—ALISON

Asst. Manager:—DOUGLAS

Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM.

D. H. D. & Sons
London

Editorials.

THE winter term usually uneventful in School life, owing to the severeness of the weather, has this year been a unique one, and will long be remembered as such by many of us. About the middle of February, when for a little over a month after the Christmas vacation everything had been running along smoothly and there were few incidents outside the hockey matches to interfere with study, a misguided microbe out of work and wearing the semblance of one who had seen better days, sidled into the corner dormitory of the Main House. The intruder, upon sizing up the situation and noting mentally the lack of cleanliness, decided that his services would be indispensable while the cleaning-up process was going on, and without further ceremony, taking out his little implements, he started in to work. The result was rather disastrous and was manifested in the shape of a measles epidemic. Owing to the mild form which the disease took it was impossible to detect it during the earlier stages, and often boys would develop a rash in the class-room. Day boys as well as boarders became afflicted and it was not long before the Principal found it necessary to close School in order to prevent the disease spreading throughout the entire College. The fifth and sixth forms, taking their fate in their own hands, continued their matriculation work, but throughout the rest of the School classes were discontinued for three weeks, during which time the boys enjoyed a rather unexpected but somewhat lengthy holiday, as compared with the usual ten-day vacation which, in the ordinary course of events, they would have received at Easter. The Third House, for the time being, was turned into a hospital, and there those of the boarders who had been unfortunate enough to contract the disease were cared for. The necessary precautions having been taken, further contagion was prevented, and at the end of the three weeks classes were resumed. Apart from the inconvenience caused, no serious results have to be recorded, and in all probability when Mr. Microbe again takes it into his head to pay us a visit, we will be settled in our new building and will be able to receive him in a style more suitable to the occasion.

IN the last issue of the REVIEW we were not far out in our predictions as to the showing the first team would make in the O. H. A. Junior Series. Indeed, with such excellent material to work with it could only have been to our discredit had we not reached the finals. That we did not win out was, of course, a disappointment, but the final contest was so close and the quality of hockey such as to make us feel we had good cause to be proud of the manner in which the honor of the school had been upheld. One went away feeling satisfied that the boys had done their best, and that all honor was due them for the efforts they had made in endeavoring to land the championship. The REVIEW takes this opportunity of congratulating the team as a whole for the hard, earnest work put in at the practices, but more especially the individual members for the manly way in which they conducted themselves during the contests. Many objections to having a team in the O. H. A. series suggest themselves, such as the immoderate desire to win, the distraction from the proper school pursuits of many of the boys during the hockey season, the mutual distrust and hostility between teams, which is all too frequently manifested in humiliating ways, and the large proportion of injuries among the players. However, if entered into in the right spirit, such as we believe our boys showed this season, these contests can be of inestimable value. It is under such conditions that one learns the difference between practising generously a liberal art and driving a trade or winning a fight no matter how. As someone has aptly said, "Ethics higher than those of war have long been known, and experience has proved that the highest efficiency for service and the finest sort of courage in individual men may be accompanied by, and indeed spring from, unvarying generosity, kindness and good will."

WE are glad to be able to announce that our much-talked-of new building is rapidly nearing completion, and that we shall enter into residence there in September. The style of architecture is the Perpendicular Gothic, and is not only admirably adapted for school purposes, but is also remarkable for its beauty. The graceful proportions and color effect strike one at first sight,

while the combination of red brick and white Bedford stone is most pleasing to the eye. St. Andrew's has met with a large measure of success with her present buildings, but when she comes into possession of a thoroughly up-to-date modern building, well-equipped, she should do even better. While mere bricks and mortar cannot make a school great, the facilities for work such as will be afforded by the new building cannot but make it easier for both boys and masters to attain the ideal which they ever have before them.

OWING to the numerous building operations which are going on in close proximity to the College, the nets this season will in all probability have to be set up in Rosedale. This, of course, will mean somewhat shorter practices, but the advantages to be gained will more than compensate for the time lost in travelling to and from the crease. Each of the clubs organized last year in the different houses and among the day boys will have ample room for its net, and opportunities of doing much better work will be afforded. Last season the nets had to be placed so close together as to render it very uncomfortable, and even dangerous for the players. Mr. F. S. Beddow, whose enthusiasm and hard work have done so much in the last three years towards producing such an excellent style among the cricketers at St. Andrew's College will again act as coach, and provided every boy turns out regularly the school should have a good eleven to represent it. One bit of advice, perhaps, may not be out of place. A little more confidence than has been manifested in the past is required among the individual members of the team this year if we are to win the championship. But if every member of the eleven makes up his mind to do his best, and carries out his resolution, even if we do not win out, we will in all probability have a long list of victories to record at the close of the season.

ON behalf of the boys, THE REVIEW desires to thank Mr. A. M. Campbell for the handsome gates he has so generously donated the College for use at the entrance of the new grounds.

We trust that other friends of the School will see fit to assist, in so far as they are able, in making the grounds look as attractive and as beautiful as possible.

THE new College rugs which are made up in the School colors, and bear part of the College crest, have added greatly to the appearance of the boy's rooms. Not only do they assist in making the rooms more comfortable and home like, but when we have completed our studies at S.A.C., and taken up our abode elsewhere, they will serve as reminders of many pleasant times spent within the old walls in Chestnut Park.

Politics and Education—A Random Thought.

N June, 1871, the Commune held sway in Paris. The gutters ran with petroleum. The finest buildings of the proudest city in Europe went up in smoke. Drunk with blood, yet light-hearted as children, the mob chased its victims through cellar and through sewer, and tore them shrieking limb from limb, or tossed them into the Seine to drown like new-born puppies. An Englishman, walking peacefully in the Place de la Concorde, was seized, accused of being a Prussian, and hurried toward the river. In vain he protested that he was an Englishman, well-known at the British Embassy, and implored to be taken thither. Next moment he would have been strangling in the Seine, a stone about his neck. But a thought struck him. Wrenching free for a moment from his tormentors, he cried : "Ma mère! ma mère?" All stopped to listen. He was quick to see his advantage. Dropping on his knees, he poured forth an appeal to Heaven to be kind to his mother, waiting in vain for the son who was never to return, bereft in her old age of him who had been her one comfort and stay. Next moment he was raised to his feet ; a grimy *petroleuse* fell sobbing upon his neck ; garlic-scented patriots kissed him on both cheeks ; he still lives to tell how amid tears and benedictions he was sent off to comfort his—purely imaginary—mother.

The incident is typical of France, melodramic, generous, ferocious, going with equal gaiety to a ball or to a barricade, to a masque or to a massacre. And it is a France which the average Briton cannot understand. An English crowd intent on murder would set about it with a cold-blooded deliberation on which no appeals, however theatrical, would have the slightest effect.

To the Frenchman the heart of the Briton is equally a sealed book. To him England is a country of fogs, and hypocrites, and bad cooking. The lack of logic, which is in matters political so often the salvation of Britain, he may bring himself to admire, but he cannot understand it. If you tell an Englishman that his cherished church comprises a Romish liturgy, Arminian clergy, and Calvinistic articles ; if you ask him how he defends a system

under which the Archbishop of Canterbury is appointed by a Scotchman whose religious beliefs are a combination of free thought and Presbyterianism, he looks at you with a bland sense of superiority, and replies : "Yes, of course ; but then, how well it works !" This common-sense point of view is incomprehensible to the Frenchman. He is above all things logical, and as a result, in matters religious tends either to an intolerant Roman Catholicism, or to an atheism often equally intolerant.

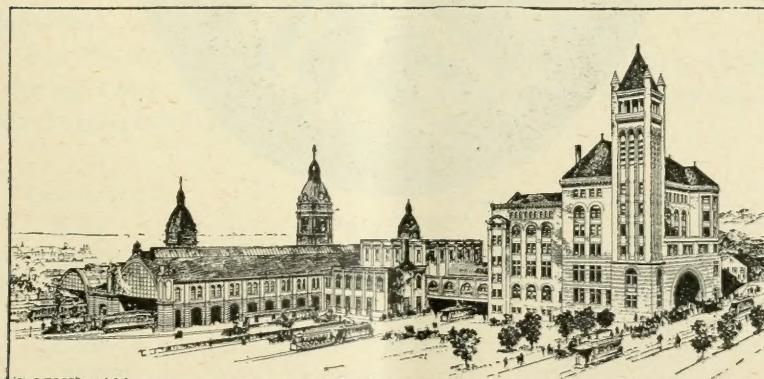
How, then, in Canada are we to make out of such discordant elements a great nation ? To graft upon the solid virtues of the Anglo-Saxon the versatility of the New Englander, to combine American resourcefulness and daring with British honor and probity may be possible ; but what of our French-Canadian brethren ? Will not the difference in ideals and traditions make even an *entente cordiale* difficult, and a fusion impossible.

Fortunately we have in Canada—and St. Andrew's College is a living witness to the fact—other races than the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. We have the Celt at his best, the Celt of the south of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands. Alike by nature and by his history the Highlander is fitted to join hands with Saxon and with Gaul. If two centuries of prosperity have passed North and South Britain, there is still many a Scot who remembers that in his stalwart ancestors the French kings long found their trustiest bodyguard, who thinks with pride that the fairest of his country-women once sat upon the throne of France. In his nature he combines sympathy with the stolid, plodding, home-spun virtues of the Briton, with love for the bright, artistic sensibility of the Gaul—so charming, though, alas ! often so fickle. In the days to come, when Canada has won her way to greatness, when the capital of the British Empire has been moved to Port Simpson or to Vancouver, the credit will be due to the Irish and to the Scotch elements in her population, who rendered possible a mutual understanding between the English and the French.

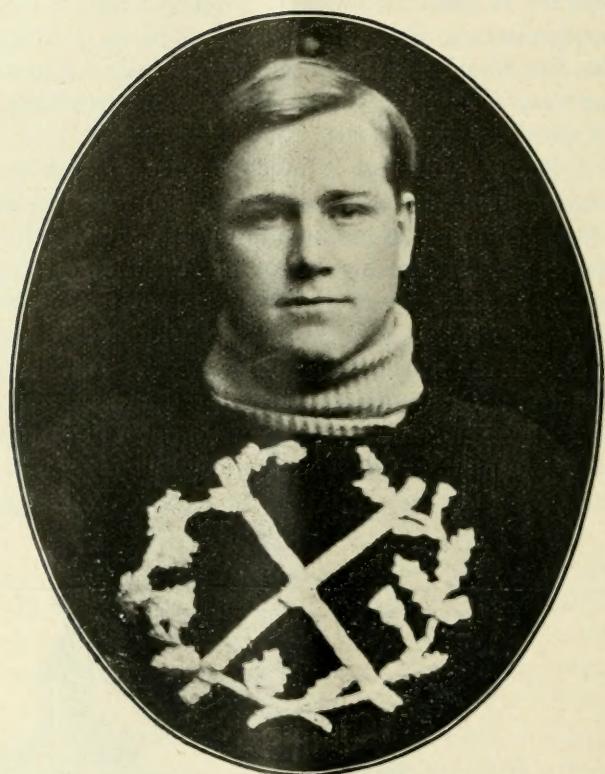
What then is my conclusion ? There is no Canadian who does not long for his country's greatness. No one thing is so important for Canada as a good understanding between the two chief elements in our population. It is therefore imperative that the picked men of either section should be able to sympathize with and to understand the history, literature and traditions of the other. To

the two great Toronto schools, to S. A. C. and to U. C. C., come, more than to any others, the sons of the great and the influential men of English-speaking Canada. Every boy of S. A. C. should therefore make it his endeavor to study the language and the characteristics of his French fellow-countrymen. So far the French are ahead of us in this. I know a French-Canadian member of Parliament who every night before going to bed reads Shakespeare for an hour. How many English members have even a bowing acquaintance with Corneille, Molière or Victor Hugo? A boy may, like Shakespeare himself, have "little Latin and less Greek," he may even have vague views on the parallelogram of forces, and the procession of the equinoxes, and still be a great Canadian. But he will find it much harder to appreciate the fundamental problems towards whose solution we must all strive unless he has spent some of his time in the study of the history of the French people, both on this side of the Atlantic and in the Old World. And the task is not difficult. He will find in the Abbé Casgrain an historian as interesting as Parkman; in Dumas an historical novelist the rival of Sir Walter Scott. A holiday spent in the Province of Quebec, with a fishing-rod and a dozen historical novels as his chief companions, may do not a little to prepare some future statesman for his work in life.

W. L. GRANT.



NEW UNION STATION, TORONTO.



"DUB" SALE,
Captain of St. Andrew's College Hockey Team.

Athletics.

Hockey.

 THE hockey season just past has been the most successful one in the history of the school, as the accounts of the games will show. It was our second appearance in the O.H.A. Junior Series, and by hard work we managed to reach the finals, losing the cup only by the small margin of two goals.

FIRST GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. VARSITY III.

On January 21st College made its first appearance in the Junior O.H.A., with Varsity III. as opponents. The match was easily won by a score of 13 to 4.

College had much the better team in all departments, but indulged too much in individual work. The forward line shot well, and checked beautifully, while the Varsity forward line lacked combination and shooting ability.

Crossen's wrist shooting was one of the features of the game, while "Nan" Grier's phenomenal rushes, and shooting were often applauded.

For Varsity Norman Keith, a St. Andrew's old boy, played a strong game, and but for his brilliant stops, the score would have been much larger.

TEAMS.

Varsity III.—4.

St. Andrew's College.—13.

Keith.....	goal.....	Warden.....
Boyd.....	point.....	Douglas.....
Nichols.....	cover.....	Crossen.....
Laidlaw.....	rover.....	Grier.....
Hague.....	centre.....	Cotton.....
Grasett.....	right.....	Sale.....
O'Neill.....	left.....	Gayfer.....

Referee, D. Heyd, Varsity.

SECOND GAME.

VARSITY III. vs. S. A. C.

The return game with Varsity III. was played the following Monday, the teams being the same, with the exception of our goal-keeper and left wing. MacLaren was given a trial in goal, and Bronson replaced Gayser. With a lead of nine goals, College had little to fear, but took no chances, and played even better than in the previous match, winning by 12 to 5. The team was in the best of condition, and the forward line penetrated their opponents' defence with ease, scoring at will. Our defence was of the bulwark nature, and if a man passed Crossen, Douglas very seldom missed him. The latter's lifting was a feature.

For Varsity III. Keith and Laidlaw played the best game.

TEAMS.

VARSITY III.—5.

S. A. C.—12.

Keith	goal	MacLaren.
Boyd	point	Douglas.
Nichols	cover	Crossen.
Laidlaw	rover	Grier.
Hague	centre	Cotton.
Grassett	right	Sale.
O'Neill	left	Bronson.

Montague, referee.

THIRD GAME.

MILTON VS. ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

The first game with Milton gave the team a chance to show what they could do, and they won out in the easiest kind of a manner, by a score of 15 to 6.

College combined better, while the visitors trusted too much to individual play.

Grier played a great game at rover, and Cotton equally as good at centre, each player scoring four goals. Crossen's shooting was very effective, scoring three goals in succession.

The play was rather rough at times, and many were ruled off for tripping and slashing.

Referee, F. C. Waghorne.

The following represented College: Goal, Warden; point Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale; left, Bronson.

FOURTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. MILTON.

On February 1st College, with a few supporters, left for Milton to play the return match. We had a lead of nine goals, and felt confident of being the winners of Group 4. The teams were the same as had played in Toronto. The rink, though, was much narrower and shorter, with many low beams, which prevented high lifting.

As usual, the team played a heady game and deserve credit for putting up such a hard struggle as they did. It is always difficult to defeat a team on their own ice. The first accident of the season occurred when Campbell, of Milton, was hit over the eye with the puck, shot by Crossen. "Saw Mill" Bronson went off to even up. Grier, Cotton and Sale were accountable for most of the scoring, while Crossen's shooting was superb.

At one time Milton was four goals in the lead. Things looked gloomy, until "Dug" Cotton and Grier tallied one each on individual rushes. When time was up Milton had scored only eight goals to our six. College were just as happy as if they had won the game, because the result on the round meant another step up the O. H. A. ladder.

College was represented by the following players: Goal, Warden point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale (Capt.); left, Bronson.

FIFTH GAME.

GRAVENHURST VS. ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

The winners of Group 4 of the Junior O. H. A. were scheduled to play off with Gravenhurst. The trip up was made on February 23rd and was much enjoyed. The locals, having won everything in the Northern district, expected an easy victory, but were sadly disappointed.

The rink was longer and wider than that at Milton, and the boys felt somewhat relieved when they saw it.

After two minutes' play the home team had scored two goals and things looked blue for College, but soon Cotton, Grier and Sale scored in quick succession, leaving the score at half-time 3-2 in our favor. In the second half College outplayed the locals in every department, scoring eight goals to their two. Grier, Cotton and Bronson were responsible for most of the tallies. Our defence was impregnable, Douglas, Crossen and Warden playing a great game. The final score was 11-4.

Following was the line-up: Goal, Warden; point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale; left, Bronson.

SIXTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. GRAVENHURST.

Having defeated Gravenhurst on their own ice by seven goals, we were quite confident of winning out by a good margin in the return match.

The game resulted in a score of 13-2, making the total for the round 24-6.

Little need be said about the contest, as the score indicates the play. The visitors were completely outplayed. No doubt the large ice handicapped them greatly. Rough play was little indulged in, only three men being penalized; two for tripping and one for loafing.

The majority of the goals went to Grier and Cotton, each of whom scored five.

The team : Goal, Warden ; point, Douglas ; cover, Crossen ; rover, Grier ; centre, Cotton ; right, Sale ; left, Bronson.

SEVENTH GAME.

COBOURG VS. ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

On February 16th College met Cobourg, the winners of the Eastern district, at Mutual Street Rink, and lost, by one goal, one of the fastest games ever played in Toronto. The game was anybody's until the last fifteen seconds, when Cobourg scored, winning out.

The rink was well filled, many Cobourg supporters being present. A short delay was caused owing to the colors of both teams being similar, and College were obliged to change their stockings.

From the sound of the whistle there was no let up, and the game was in doubt until the finish. The final score was 9-8, and at half-time 3 all. "Nan" Grier for the school, and Robertson for Cobourg were the stars of the game.

The play was not rough, although several offenders were sent to the boards.

It took twenty minutes before either team scored, Douglas doing the trick on a long lift, and soon afterwards Grier, on a lone rush, added another one. While Sale was off the visitors scored two, and just before half-time each team tallied, making the score 3 all. College notched the first after half-time on a long shot by Crossen. Robertson followed with another ; then Grier tallied two by the prettiest rushes seen here this winter. Robertson repeated the trick, and again the score was tie. Bronson put the locals one ahead on a pass from Cotton. The visitors then scored the next on a long shot. Grier scored on another individual rush, and this put College one ahead, but Cobourg soon followed with another. With only fifteen seconds to play they again scored, winning the game by one goal.

Team : Goal, Warden ; point, Douglas ; cover, Crossen ; rover, Grier ; centre, Cotton ; right, Sale ; left, Bronson. Timekeeper, Grant Cooper, S. A. C.

EIGHTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S VS. COBOURG.

Cobourg having a lead of one goal, which they had gained on our own ice, College was none too jubilant about the result. But the boys went into the game with the sole purpose to win, and win they did, not only surprising Cobourg, but even themselves. College can thank "Nan" Grier for winning the game. He was in a class by himself, playing the most aggressive game of the season. "Dug" Cotton also played a hard game. Capt. Sale in the first half worked hard, but faded away towards the finish. Douglas and Crossen were at home on their own ice, and played a steady game, though the latter was inclined to rough it. Bronson worked hard for his team, while Warden could not have played a better game.

The locals scored the first two goals, then Bronson was laid off to even up, Moffat having been compelled to retire owing to a collision with one of his own men. Soon College were in working order, tying the score, then Grier scored another on a rush, a few minutes before half-time.

Bronson and his check came on in the second half. Cobourg started off with a rush, tallying two on fast combination. On a pass from Sale to Grier, the score was tied 4 all.

School after ten minutes' play secured two more. On a long shot the puck passed Warden, making the score 6-5. Grier settled down to work, and by two beautiful rushes tallied twice, putting us three ahead; still the prospects of winning the round were doubtful. After a number of rushes and lifts, Cobourg scored on a mix-up in front of our goal. With a minute and a half to play, our opponents tried hard to overcome the lead, soon College tallied another, and then the whistle blew. The final score, 9-6.

A peculiar circumstance occurred during the game—two pucks were split in two, something very seldom seen on the ice. They both separated in equal layers, and it would have been an interesting situation for the referee, if either team had scored with one of the pieces.

The game was free from rough work, only seven players being sent to the boards.

Following represented College : Goal, Warden; point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; centre, Cotton; right, Sale; left, Bronson. Referee, Caldwell of Barrie.

NINTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. STRATFORD.

College was fortunate in having the first of the final games for the Junior O. H. A. away from home. The boys realized that Stratford had a strong team, and if it were possible to hold them down on their own ice, the championship would come to Toronto. Over a thousand people saw the game, and the ice was in fine condition. College was outplayed in nearly every department, but our goal-tender excelled himself in this game. Stratford won the game by 10-3. Grier was well watched by our opponents. After ten minutes his bruises were many; when his rushes ended the team seemed to lack confidence. We acknowledge that Stratford played a superior game that night.

From the face-off the puck was carried into our territory, the locals scoring the first two goals. "Dug" Cotton netted the next in seven minutes, during the remainder of the half the locals tallied three more, making the score 5-1 at half-time.

Shortly after half-time Bronson was accidentally hurt; this crippled our team for a while. Stratford scored the next three on individual rushes. "Dub" Sale showed some of last year's form by scoring the next on a lone rush. Grier followed with another on a pass from Bronson. The next five tallies went to the locals, although they had to work hard for them. College found it impossible to pass their stone wall defence. Their forwards seemed to just glide past our boys, then work the double pass, usually a score resulting.

Team : Goal, Warden ; point, Douglas ; cover, Crossen ; rover, Grier ; centre, Cotton ; right, Sale ; left, Bronson.

TENTH GAME.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE VS. STRATFORD.

The final game in the Junior O. H. A. was played in Mutual Street Rink. The attendance was about 2,000, including many supporters from Stratford. After the showing the visitors made a few nights previous it was doubtful if we could win the game, let

alone the round. If Stratford's lead had not been so large, there is no doubt that the cup would have been up at St. Andrew's College; as it was we came within two of the coveted prize. Grier's penalty of five minutes was a severe blow to the game. Warden, in goal, not only stopped well, but cleared quickly. Douglas at point played a great game, scoring one on a long lift, and three times coming a few inches from the post.

Crossen's shooting was not so accurate, he roughed it too much, and his penalties were a loss to the team.

Grier, as usual, was the star of the game, being responsible for four of the seven goals. Cotton at centre played a hard game, scoring two goals. Capt. Sale used his body to a good advantage. Bronson also worked hard, especially in the first half.

The visitors' stronghold was checking back, but they seemed to have lost their nerve, not playing with their former vim.

Referee Waghorne was very strict, ruling off eighteen players.

The game opened up with the visitors on the defensive; for fourteen minutes the puck went up and down the ice till finally Grier scored. The second goal went to the visitors. Cotton in four minutes notched the third. Grier scored the next two on individual rushes, making the score 4-1 at half-time.

In the second half College scored by a rush down the boards, and a pass to Cotton, at centre. Stratford was handed the next on a scrimmage in front of goal; Crossen was slow in clearing. At this stage of the game Grier was benched for five minutes for hitting Killer. Douglas finally scored on a long lift, that went between the goal-keeper's legs. Grier scored a minute after leaving the box. We were within two of the championship; with fifteen minutes to play, the crowd became very excited, and if the good work could have kept up, the result might have been different. But the players gradually tired, owing to the sticky ice, and were nearly all in when the gong sounded.

Team: Goal, Warden; point, Douglas; cover, Crossen; rover, Grier; right, Sale (Capt.); left, Bronson. Mr. Cooper, Time-keeper.

Personnel of Team.

Lyle Warden (Goal) in beginning of season did not show up to advantage, having little control over his left hand, but in the final games played well.

"Jimmy" Douglas (Point), one of last year's colors, was a great strength to the team; his lifting was always effective, scoring many goals for College.

"Jimmy" Crossen (Cover Point), an old color, has a dangerous wrist shot. He is a fair skater, but inclined to trip with his knee.

"Nan" Grier (Rover) is, without a doubt, the best player who has ever figured on a College team. He is a great shot and stick-handler, and his individual rushes were wonderful.

"Dug" Cotton (Centre), an old color, is the hardest worker on the team. An accurate shot and fast skater, and has improved greatly since last year.

"Dub" Sale (Right Wing) captained the team a second season. He is a hard worker and assisted greatly in the scoring, though his playing this year was a little disappointing; seemed to use his body more than his head.

"Sawmill" Bronson (Left Wing) can use his body like most Ottawites; played a hard game, especially in the finals with Stratford, a weak shot at times, but one of our fastest skaters.

"Red" MacLaren, spare goal-keeper, played a good game against Varsity III.

"Bev" Gayfer, our 100-pound youngster, played the left boards in the first game; he is a comer, a good stick-handler and fast skater.

THE TEAM'S RECORD FOR SEASON.

S. A. C. *vs.* Varsity III., won, 12-3.

S. A. C. *vs.* Varsity III., won, 14-5.

S. A. C. *vs.* Milton, won, 15-6.

S. A. C. *vs.* Milton, lost, 10-8.

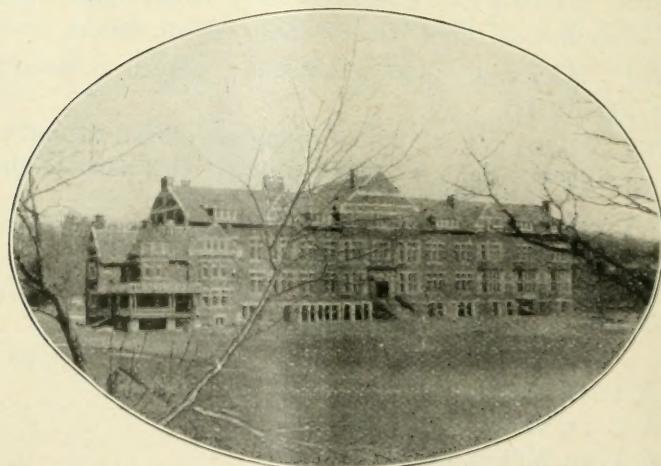
- S. A. C. *vs.* Gravenhurst, won, 11-4.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Gravenhurst, won, 13-2.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Cobourg, lost, 9-8.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Cobourg, won, 9-6.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Stratford, lost, 10-3.
 S. A. C. *vs.* Stratford, won, 7-2.
-

NAME, AGE, AND WEIGHT OF TEAM.

Warden.....	19.....	138
Douglas.....	18.....	175
Crossen.....	16.....	162
Grier.....	17.....	160
Cotton.....	19.....	136
Bronson.....	16.....	142
Sale.....	19.....	165
Total.....	124	1,078

Average age 17 5-7 years.

Average weight 154 pounds.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

The Trip to Stratford.

 N February 28th I was rather strenuously awakened at about six o'clock by some unkind party or parties pulling me out of bed by an eyebrow clinch. When I fully came to my senses I was politely informed by "Nan" Grier that I had two hours and a half in which to dress, eat my breakfast, pack my suit-case and get down to the station, in order to catch the 8.30 train for Stratford, where we were to play the first of the final games for the Junior Championship of Ontario.

We had our breakfast fairly well juggled when we heard a rumbling on the back-stairs, and "Fat" Sale came wallowing into the room with his boots undone, closely followed by "Red" Maclarens in a somewhat similar condition.

We were assembled at the station at thirteen minutes and five-fourths of a second after eight, and Alison soon had his hands full trying to keep the Jimmies Crossen and Douglas away from some highly colored and probably highly flavored sugar-sticks, which they had espied in the restaurant window.

Just as we were getting on board, "Tiny" and "Forgie" hove into sight. Warden casually remarked that it looked like the long and the short of it. It is a pity that "Forgie" couldn't be sent for a few weeks to "Tiny's" mammoth incubators at Arnprior.

At last we pulled out of the station, and Mr. Macdonald heaved a thankful sigh at Mr. Cooper, who promptly returned it.

Bert rose to his feet with his graceful manner and called the roll. The following answered to their names: Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Cooper, Warden, Douglas, Crossen, Grier, Cotton, Sale, Bronson, Alison, and the following brazen-lunged supporters: Duncanson, McLaughlin, Gooderham, Forgie, Gill, and Manager Marriot of the Marlboros.

At thirty minutes and four seconds after ten we struck the outskirts of Guelph and six seconds later drew up at the station. Jimmie McIntosh, of Mercury fame, hurled himself on board and dazzled us by smiling a burst of sunshine.

Thus far we had deported ourselves as became young gentlemen, but the sight of "Mac" brought forth a flood of melody, consisting of Alison's patent pig imitations, Grier's feathered noises,

which took "Tiny" back to his boyhood days, and last, but not least (in volume), imitations of a saw-mill on the Ottawa, rendered with thrilling and nerve-shattering vividness, by some unknown? personage.

We stopped about five minutes in Berlin, and Bert, accompanied by some "assletic moneys," went into the restaurant and procured some meat pies. We wonder if he forgot to pay for them, as he was chased out by the German proprietor and his assistants. No sooner, however, did the Germans espy Tiny's bulky structure erected near the door than they fled in consternation.

We arrived at Stratford at noon, and proceeded to the Albion House, where we had dinner. In the afternoon we went out for an hour's constitutional.

During the course of our rambles we came across the Stratford rink that we had heard so much about. Although much longer than the Mutual Street rink, it wasn't any wider, and had low rafters and a band-box suspended about fifteen feet above the ice; consequently Crossen's shots and Douglas' lifts often proved of no avail.

On returning to the inn we lay down until 5.30, when we had a light (?) dinner. We had a hard time keeping "Fat" Sale away from the pickle bottle.

At 7.15 we proceeded to the rink to dress for the match, and had a few minutes' workout before Stratford came on the ice in their dressing gowns.

I will not attempt to describe the match, as it would be too great a feat for me. To put it in a nutshell, Stratford were a little faster and checked back harder than we did, and were accustomed to their long rink, the length of which told heavily against us. We were defeated by the rather one-sided score of 10-3, which, however, does not indicate the relative strength of the teams. We were beaten by a team that showed they were superior on their own rink.

Grier did not show up as well as usual, but it was no wonder. There were two players watching him all the time, and every time the puck was passed to him, two, and sometimes three opponents would check him, and try and "sandwich" him.

It was nearly half-past ten before we got back to the hotel, and about half-past eleven before we retired (?). I hope the other

guests of the hotel spent a peaceful night ; I know I didn't. "Fat" was in his usual good temper, and was brimming over with "good spirits." He entertained us with numerous rehearsals, and encores of the soul-thrilling song by Alison, entitled, "Dolly, or Rocked in the Cradle with the Lamb." But what took his attention for a good part of the evening was a long rope fastened by a ring to the wall, and which was to be used only in case of fire. His rulings were remarkably fair and uniform, and all who passed below received the same gentle treatment—throttling. We strongly suspected that he had spent at least a portion of his life on the plains lassoing buffalo. Maclaren ventured to reprove him for his unladylike manners, but was speedily routed and fled to his room at the other end of the hall. "Fat" was just getting into his stride, and was overtaking Maclaren millimetre by millimetre, when the latter reached his room and fortified himself against further attacks.

At last sleep claimed her own, and we retired at —— o'clock. We were awakened at six, and were told we were to catch the 6.45 train for Toronto. Then followed chaos. It took us about fifteen minutes to wake up, and another fifteen to dress and pack. How about breakfast ? It was simply swell, and in fact we talk about it yet. It was one of those imitation meals where you sit down and dine off the fumes arising from other people's breakfasts. Truly it was anticipation rather than realization. The only articles of food we realized were a few biscuits on the table, which "Doodle" grabbed, thinking discretion the better part of valor.

However, "all things come to those who will but wait." We waited three hours and a half for our breakfasts—College ones, too.

We arrived home at 11.15 wearing a hungry smile, but determined to make Stratford work to win the next game.

BRONSON.



The Cobourg Trip.

HE trip to Cobourg was perhaps the most successful of all those which the First Hockey Team took this year, for, in addition to defeating Cobourg on their own ice by three goals, and thus overcoming their lead of one goal gained in the first match, a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

It was on a Friday morning that the team, the manager, four supporters and two masters set out for Cobourg. The train, contrary to the Grand Trunk's usual methods, started on time, which ill omen, augmented by the news that it was no "flyer," but only a local, cast a gloom lasting about five minutes over the aforementioned party. Some few were hopeful enough to doubt this, but were soon put out of, or into, their misery, with the large majority. We crawled along at a snail's pace, stopping every now and then to lend variety to the rather slow proceedings, the length of each stop varying as the square of the distance in miles covered until we arrived at Newcastle, where there was a delay of three hours' duration.

After half an hour had elapsed the pangs of hunger began to be felt. This state of affairs, or lack of affairs, lasted for an hour and a half, when some of the more adventuresome spirits who had gone exploring discovered a room in the station where pork pies (may their weight never diminish) were sold for five cents each. When this great discovery was announced there was a general rush. Sale, on a splendid spurt, got in the lead, and, rushing int'o the station, offered the "man behind the tons" twenty-five cents for every one. After some confusion each member of the contingent (masters excepted) staggered back to the coach under the weight of three or four pork pies and settled down to put on (or in) weight. It is a much debated point whether anyone got through the armor-plate exterior or not.

Three minutes later, as we were sitting regarding our purchases, lost in silent admiration, it was proposed by Alison, seconded by Grier, that an attempt should be made to knock a pork pie off the captain's knee. Needless to say that the motion was carried with only one dissenting voice. The first projectile "which missed his knee and bashed his eye" was followed by the accumulated purchases

of twelve capitalists. A couple of unfortunates basely tried to escape out of the door, and the resulting number of hits would have done credit to any navy. When all the ammunition had lost throwable shape, the remains were packed, with solicitous and tender care, into Sale's suit case, while the owner thereof was outside drydocking for repairs. Pork pies were followed by oranges. Upon some expert expressing the fear that the former substance might prove insipid, orange juice was judiciously added by Alison, the *chef*, as a relish. Not long after the afore-mentioned proceedings, the brakesman entered, and the entire car was favored with an oration. The ruthless way all our secrets were laid bare to the public gaze was heartrending in the extreme. He declared we were unfit to travel alone, and none of us, it was evident from our behaviour, moved in the best social circles. As denial was useless, he was assured of the accuracy of his statements and requested to continue. It was just like having one's fortune told by an expert.

A few minutes later the train again started, and after a moment's hesitation, it apparently decided to proceed. All its fondness for resting along the road seemed to have been left at Newcastle, perhaps because such stops were found unhealthy for the coaches, and we arrived at half-past five in the afternoon of the same day. The remainder of the afternoon was spent walking about the town. After dinner we went down to the rink and were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

When the game was finished the contingent repaired to Mr. Crossen's house, where the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent. It was late next morning before any one arose, as all were tired with the exciting events of the preceding day. In the afternoon we embarked for Toronto, and after a run down, which was not quite so slow as the trip up, arrived about half past seven, well pleased with the outing.



The Prospects in Cricket.

With the early spring this year, and the prospect of good weather, the cricket season of '05 should be a record one. At this time last year our cricketers were dragging out a miserable existence, amid blizzards and north winds, and were only able to dream fondly of "leg breaks," "off cuts" and "centuries," but this year's practices have already begun, and if the attendance at these necessary functions is regular, we should put a very good team in the field.

Five old colors are still with us, and though in the six that have gone we have lost several good bowlers, a few "nervy" bats and a number of men who shone in the field, most of these can be replaced by boys who have come up through the School under Mr. Beddow's able instruction in the game.

The championship of the "Big Four" is, of course, our highest aspiration. Last year we came closer to it than ever before, and this season, if the team does what we expect of it, our fond hopes may be realized. But, come what may, we are sure that the St. Andrew's eleven will do their best to defend the crimson and white.

CRICKET FIXTURES FOR 1905.

Following is a list of the cricket fixtures that have been already arranged for the First Team for the coming season. Others will, no doubt, be planned, but the list as it stands is an exceptionally interesting one :

- April 22nd—St. Clement's at Rosedale.
- April 29th—Grace Church at Rosedale.
- May 6th—St. Simon's at Rosedale.
- May 13th—St. Alban's at Rosedale.
- May 20th—St. Alban's at St. Alban's.
- May 27th—The Old Boys at Rosedale.
- May 30th—Varsity at Varsity.
- June 1st—Trinity University at Trinity University.
- June 3rd—Mimico at Mimico.
- June 10th—Trinity College School at Port Hope.
- June 14th—Ridley College at St. Catharines.
- June 17th—Upper Canada College at Upper Canada College.

SECOND TEAM MATCHES.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| May 13th—U. C. C. II. at U. C. C. | |
| May 20th—U. C. C. II. at Rosedale. | C. V. M. |

On an August Evening.



NE fine morning in August Geo. Burlston was walking home through the railway yards. Turning at length from the path worn by the feet of men employed there, he struck directly across tracks toward a less frequented part of the yard. After crossing this he had but to climb the fence, and turn up a side street to his home, a comfortable little house in the suburbs of Tramore. He was thinking of various matters, amongst others, of how much he would like to get the reward which the road had offered for the apprehension of the men who had perpetrated several robberies. In these the line had been a heavy loser. It was known that the same men had been concerned in all four burglaries, but who they were was more than the detectives had been able to find.

Whilst thus cogitating he heard low voices, and listening intently, he discovered that they proceeded from an empty box-car near by. He heard a movement as if they were getting up to come out and, overcome by a desire to conceal himself—why he has never been able to explain—he suited the action to the thought, and quickly stepped up into a coal-car, where he waited for them to pass. This they did in a minute or so, but as they passed he heard one say: "Well, once we get between No. 12's tender and express car we'll be all right and then—twelve thousand apiece."

Few words, but they left George in a state of excitement and joy, for here was the broadest clue that ever was dropped to a fortunate mortal. "Why, I'm off to the chief's office now, and as soon as I tell my story they'll send for the men, and I'll"—but these reflections were rudely put an end to by the thought that he was not able to identify them coming on him with crushing force. So there was an end to any hopes of the reward. But suddenly the thought flashed through his mind, "Why not take them red-handed? If I lay my plans well I can take them easily. I'll just talk it over with Jack." And certainly it would have been running in the face of Providence to let such a chance as that go by, when he, the man who was to take No. 12 out that very evening, should hear the plot to rob his own train. And so

George Burlston, engineer, went home to dinner, with the pleasing prospect of a brush with train-robbers the same evening, and with five-thousand dollars reward looming up in the distance.

That afternoon he purchased a pistol and some cartridges, and his preparations were completed. About four o'clock he went down to the engine-house and found Jack Pulson, his fireman, busily engaged in polishing up their locomotive in preparation for their evening run. To him he told the discovery from which he hoped to gain so much, and Jack, all ardor, promised to keep silent concerning the "scrap" and to be down early in order to discuss the matter. Then, examining the engine closely, George found everything in ship-shape, and back home he went. The evening meal over, he hurried down and found Jack seated in the cab anxiously awaiting him. It was now half-past seven, and as the train was supposed to be in readiness at the platform at 7.45 he immediately backed to the depot. Soon all was ready, the last "All aboard" shouted, and the giant engine, with its long train of shining Pullmans, glided into the night, and the long two-hour run of one hundred and seven miles begun. Mile after mile was left behind as the mighty iron horse thundered on. Through tunnels, over bridges, on steep embankments, in deep cuts rushed on this distance-destroying monster. Over the ribbons of steel this modern Mercury fiercely pounded on, cleaving the soft night air with irresistible force.

But, meanwhile, how fared the robbers? Clinging to a precarious hold on the tender, they waited with impatience for the time when they should begin operations. Nothing but the thought of the booty which lay before them could have nerved them to take such a ride. But they emerged unscathed, and silently opening the door of the express car—it was afterwards found that the lock had been doctored—they crept in, and the first warning the express man had of their presence was when, on hearing the harsh order, "hands up!" given him, he turned to find himself looking into the muzzle of a six-shooter. Not being able to reply to this convincing argument, he yielded and soon, bound and gagged, he was tossed to the corner of the car. Then one stepped to the door, and seizing the disengaging brake, gave it a pull, and in a half minute the rest of the train was being left behind, as the engine, with its decreased load, leapt forward like a hound set free from the leash.

This was the first warning to the two men in the cab that the robbers' plans had successfully begun. But before they could do anything Jack looked up, and beheld clambering over the coal a man with his pistol held significantly in his hand. Greeting them he stepped to the narrow gangway between engine and tender, and from that vantage point ordered George to stop three miles the other side of Oaklands, mentioning a station twenty miles from Burmel, the city at which George's train was taken on by another locomotive. To this Burlston answered that he would be quite willing to do so.

But the two friends had not planned for nothing. Suddenly Jack yelled, "Jump for your life! Wreck!" The startled thief sprang to the steps, and was only prevented from jumping by George, who grabbed him by his collar and yanked him, none too gently, back on the coal. But now the question was how to take care of him. Jack thought of the bell-rope, and the thin but tough cord was soon in use upon the person of the robber. Then he was propped up on Jack's seat, and Jack, crossing to the right-hand side of the cab, took charge of the engine.

Their plan was that while Pulson drove to Burmel George should try to catch the remaining two thieves and hold them up until they could be delivered into the hands of the police. So George, gently creeping over the coal, lowered himself silently to the floor of the express-car. Looking in he saw that something had evidently delayed the robbers in their work, as now they were bustling about like bees; and then George saw with delight that the thieves had laid their revolvers on a heap of bags—near them, it is true—but out of their hands. Probably they had been in their road, but, thought George, "there's nothing like following up an advantage," and in he marched, and the startled thieves, on hearing "Game's up, boys!" turned and saw that such was indeed the case. Requesting them to go to the corner of the car and face the wall, which they sullenly did, George occupied himself in releasing the express man, first taking the precaution to remove their firearms.

About five minutes after they flashed into Burmel, and in as many more had the satisfaction of seeing the trio driven off to the cells under a heavy guard. It appeared that one of the three, a man in the express office, had overheard a remark of the manager concerning a packet containing thirty-six thousand

in notes, which was to be taken out by express on a certain evening. They admitted that they had intended to cap their former exploits in this manner and leave the country.

George was given the reward and also a day run on the same division, but by which he was at home all night. Jack Pulson was given Burlston's old run, but never yet has he had such an exciting experience as on that memorable August evening.

IRWIN, Form IV.

Ode to Charlie Grier.

(By a Member of the Corner Dormitory.)

"Whither bound for, Charlie Grier,
With smile that reacheth to thine ear,
Your eye is twinkling, your pace is fast,
'Tis after four, W—— have past?"
A ghastly smile o'erspread his face,
He gasped like a consumptive in a race,
Each eye appeared to me a lake,
He wiped them both, and then he spake,
"Tell me not, mine own dear friend,
That nothing can my spirits mend.
From St. Andrew's College have I rushed,
My seething brain will not be hushed;
I skipped detention, also drill,
To me this is a bitter pill.
I started out so bright and gay,
And it seemed to me a sunny day,
But now my spirits will not rise,
A weight upon my heart there lies."
Before he left I heard him say,
"W—— line, I'll startle and waylay,"
And, turning, he retraced his steps again
To the dwelling place of stalwart men.

Master—"Are you careless or stupid, Bronson?"

Bronson—"Stupid, sir."

Miscellany.

The Literary Society.

The meetings held by the Literary Society have been as interesting and successful this year as ever before. Mr. Flemming, the President, has succeeded in presenting some very entertaining programmes during the winter season.

Three debates, two reading contests, many musical offerings, and the History Notes have all figured in the make-up of the different evening programmes. Two novel recitations were rendered by Malengheni, one being in Kaffir, the other in Zulu, and although neither was understood, both were thoroughly enjoyed. The annual inter-form debates were held, the supremacy going to Form IV. The Fourth Form, represented by Winans and Driscoll, defeated the representatives of III. B, Crawford and Housser, on the resolution that the Canadian Government should own all the telephone and telegraph systems in the Dominion.

As a result of the reading contest not being concluded at the time of going to press, the name of the winner cannot be given. The medal, however, will be contested for by Wrong 1, McKay 1, and Goggin, who have worked their way to the finals. McCrea's efforts in preparing History Notes have been greatly appreciated, and the notes were always looked forward to.

Owing to the approach of the Easter exams., the meetings of the Society will be discontinued after April 7th until next winter, when the reopening of the Lit. in the new college will be welcomed by all.

WESLEY W. WINANS.

We would call the attention of our readers to the summer camp referred to on another page of this issue. Any boys who are making preparations for the summer vacation, and are desirous of spending it in the open air amid the wilds of our northern country, could not do better than join the camp which is conducted each year during July and August at Lake Temagami. The camp is well managed, and being composed principally of boys from the preparatory schools, congenial company is thus assured, while the situation could not be better.

As Others See Us.

Skits.

We are pleased to announce the arrival in the Main House of "Tarantula" Graham, of Winnipeg fame.

Boy to Forgie—"Your mouth is large enough to sing a duet."

Master (seeing Thompson I. making a wry face)—"What's the matter, Thompson?"

"I've got the colic in my hair, sir."

1st young lady—"Bronson is as bright as a dollar."

2nd young lady—"If he were as easy to get rid of he'd be all right."

The Belgium Hare may spread so fast
That it becomes a curse,
But in these gladsome college days
Jim Crossen's hair is worse.

MacLaren's a bright boy! Do you know Red?
He measures six feet from his toes to his head,
He tries to play marbles with all the small boys,
How funny a prefect should like such small toys.

The International Disappearance Syndicate, with headquarters in the Second House, has gone out of business. Nothing left to disappear.

MacLaren—"There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face."

Wishart, "so wise, so young."

Weiner's a bright boy. Do you know Wess?
An extravagant youth with a failing for dress.
He lives at McConkey's. He never tells lies.
He wears grandpa collars, and buys Ely's ties.

College Alphabet.

- A. A is for Angus of Highland descent,
Who goes around school on mischief bent.
- B. B is for Baily often called Bill,
The boys all declare he is coming up hill.
- C. C is for Carver who comes from the East,
When he gets mad he calls you a beast.
- D. D is for Driscoll, a musical lad,
He says the piano is ever his fad.
- E. E is for Earl who studies with steam,
To him the world is but a dream.
- F. F is for Forgie, sometimes called Jim,
Of course, all the boys are in terror of him.
- G. G is for Grier, beloved by us all,
He's all right at hockey, and can also play ball.
- H. H is for Housser, who answers to Fred,
All he has heard is stored in his head.
- I. I is for Irwin, a lad of good looks,
Sad to relate, he has a failing for books.
- J. J is for Johnson, also called Fred,
He tells his poor brother he'll stave in his head.
- K. K is for Kerman, whose hair is not blue,
Now surely the color is known to you.
- L. L is for Lannaman, who comes from the South,
He talks with his ears and makes signs with his mouth.
- M. M is for Mahlangeni, who wears a brown hat.
He tells all the form they will suffer for dat.

- N. N is for Nurse, who juggles the pills,
She helps Dr. Hamilton cure us of ills.
- O. O is for ——, well known to Dave,
It's rumored around he's a willing slave.
- P. P is for Purser, of old German style,
Verily it's a great treat to see the lad smile.
- Q. Q is for Quinine, which has not a nice taste,
They give it to us to make a cold go to waste.
- R. R is for Ross, who hails from the West,
At the end of the week he puts on his best.
- S. S is for Smith, although not very old,
He never will do the things he is told.
- T. T is for Thomson, who fights with his hair,
His friends all declare he's not always all there.
- U. U is for Union, it embraces us all,
They make us play cricket, but how about ball?
- V. V is for Vincent, whose last name is Massey,
He's always polite and never gets "sassy."
- W. W is for Winans, often called Wess,
Although not tall, he's bright ne'ertheless.
- XY. XY are for letters that cannot be found,
If one searched the College from roof to the ground.
- Z. Z is for Zeigler, who dances with joy,
When the dignified Fifth procures a new toy.

BY BRONSON.

Clothes don't make the Student —but they help

Are you a judge of cloth?

Most people who buy clothes, and many who buy cloth to make clothes, don't know a good from a bad fabric.

The fabrics used in Semi-ready Clothing are bought by experts direct from the mills.

In most cases the mills manufacture special superior qualities for us. Our large orders make it worth their while to put their best workmanship and their best thought into the goods they turn out for us.

You may depend on every thread of cloth in Semi-ready—we guarantee it.

Semi-ready Tailoring

22 King Street West, Toronto

No Escape for Boarders.

Boracic acid in the soup,
 Wood alcohol in wine,
 Catsup dyed a lurid hue
 By using aniline ;

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts
 Served to us as spices ;
 I reckon crisp and frigid glass
 Is dished out with the ices.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives
 Way down at Cloverside—
 It's one-third milk and water, and—
 And then—formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,
 And honey's just glucose,
 And what the fancy butter is
 The goodness gracious knows.

The olive oil's of cotton seed,
 There's alum in the bread ;
 It's really a surprise to me
 The whole durned school ain't dead.

Meantime all the germs and things
 Are buzzing fit to kill ;
 If the food you eat don't get you,
 The goldarned masters will.

—*New Orleans Times.*

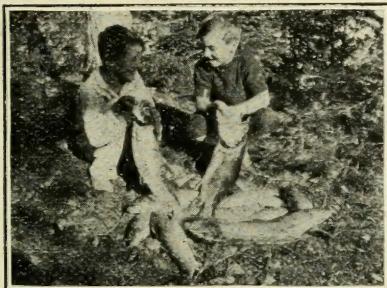
MacLaren—"Do you want to go to heaven?"
 Sale—"No."

"Tiny" McLachlin—"Neck and shoulders above all competitors."

McLachlin's a tall boy. You surely know "Tiny."
 He has tailor-made ties, and his collars are shiny.
 When they get dirty, we hear him say,
 "My trusty tooth brush and water will take it away."

Hurrah for Temagami!

What more delightful than a Summer vacation spent Fishing, Swimming, Camping and Exploring in the Temagami Forest Reserve?



Fourteen Salmon Trout caught in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.



A Camp Temagami Salmon Trout.

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Represented in the following :

Travelling Rugs, Shoulder Plaids and Shawls

Inverness and Kelvin Capes

Silk Handkerchiefs, Ties, Scarves and Ribbons

Glengarry Caps, Tam O'Shanter and Balmoral Bonnets

These historically interesting goods are shown in complete assortments; everyone being welcome to inspect them at their leisure.

Scottish Kilts, Plaids and Highland Suits to order.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street (opposite the Post Office),
TORONTO

Trophies Medals and Badges

Receive our special attention.
Original designs of Class and other Pins furnished.

THE PARLORS

Can save you money in anything pertaining to the jewelry trade.

JAS. D. BAILEY
75 Yonge St.

N.-E. Corner King.

Elevator

Heard in German period—"Massey, ask me a question that I must answer." "Under liber Augustine?"

Bert, sing "Dolly."

Notice is hereby given to McCrea and Winans that there will be a special excursion run for their benefit to MacLachlinville. "Tiny" will accompany the train to conduct them to his sky-scraping incubators. Growth guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Every time Bronson buys anything he always says: "Are they wearing these this year?" Some salesman will say "No" one of these times.

Irwin, to Mr. Fleming, "Sir, I don't want any help, I just want to explain a question."

Mr. R—— (calling roll)—"Chase, your seat"

Vanity, all is vanity,
Try this to overcome,
Reach for a higher equity,
Ever rise above the hum-drum
Vice so particularly woman's,
Ever leading one on.
Leave it to other humans,
Yes, and your old clothes don,
And read not "How to be Beautiful."
Now get out and hustle for cash,
Go, be faithful and dutiful;
Oh, and try not to mash.
Give up the glance so searching,
Gaze not on thy face in the glass,
In thy facial blemishes despairing,
Never heed, for in time they will pass.

Boys' Clothing

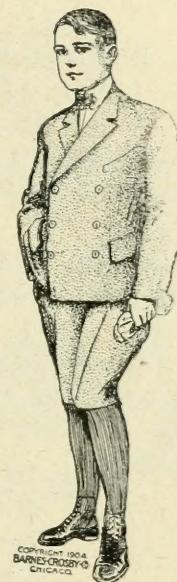
at SIMPSON'S

A True Boy wants to be dressed in a manly way. He doesn't care for namby-pamby styles and girlie ways in the matter of clothes or anything else pertaining to him.

Our Men's Store will please the boy who likes to dress well, but in a thoroughly masculine style. We have been pleasing men so long and so successfully that we think we know pretty well how to please boys. In the Men's Store, as we call the Richmond Street wing, where nearly everything a man or boy wears is for sale, we devote a very large space to Boys' Suits.

3-piece Sack Suits in English tweeds,
Scotch tweeds, Clay worsteds,
fancy worsteds: **2.75 to \$9**

3-piece Norfolk Suits in serge,
tweeds and worsteds..... **4.50 to \$6**



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BARNES CROSBY &
CO., CHICAGO

Then for strapping big fellows, who are ready to change from short trousers to long ones, we have a special line which makes the transition less awkward than it usually is. A man's long-trouser suit generally misfits a youth in the neck and shoulders. These suits we speak of are regular youths' suits made for them expressly. They look well and natural right from the first.

Youths' Suits for college boys come in domestic and imported tweeds, Bannockburn mixtures, Scotch tweeds. English worsteds, serges, Clay worsteds and vicunas. Made sack style, double breasted style, or Norfolk with belt, in the English fashion. Prices.... **5 to \$12**

Mention St. Andrew's College when you come and we'll know what to show you.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON COMPANY,
LIMITED

Soon anglers will be out again,
And by the brooklet's shore
Will idly lie and fish, and then
Go home and lie some more.

—Anonymous.

Pencils have no central point and evaporate at all temperatures.

A chair has four legs, and you should use the whole four of them. They are paid for. Don't rest on two and wave the other two in the air for a flag.

Gravity is the power which holds a person on the earth and prevents him from becoming an angel.

"Pig" Bronson waded across the creek the other day, with all his clothes on, for a safety pin. We notice his legs are warped.

To McConkey's went Harry F. B.
With two girls and himself, making three.
The bill was two-forty,
And he did things too sporty,
For he had only one-fifty-three.

